

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

Do With a Thousand Dollars?
Now What Can a Man Possibly

By O. HENRY

"ONE thousand dollars," repeated Lawyer Tolman, solemnly and severely. "And here is the money."

Young Gillian gave a decidedly amused laugh as he fingered the thin package of new fifty-dollar notes.

"It's such a confoundedly awkward amount," he explained generally, to the lawyer. "If it had been ten thousand a fellow might wind up with a lot of fireworks and do himself credit. Even fifty dollars would have been less trouble."

"You heard the reading of your uncle's will," continued Lawyer Tolman, professionally dry in his tones. "I do not know if you paid much attention to its details. I must remind you of one. You are required to render to us an account of the manner of expenditure of this one thousand dollars as soon as you have disposed of it. The will stipulates that, if doing that you will so far comply with the late Mr. Gillian's wishes."

"You may depend upon it," said the young man, politely, "in spite of the extra expense it will entail, I may have to engage a secretary. I was never good at accounts."

Gillian went to his club. There he hunted out one whom he called Old Bryson.

Old Bryson was calm and forty and sequestered. He was in a corner reading a book, and when he saw Gillian, he put it aside, sighed, laid down his book and took off his glasses.

"Old Bryson, wake up," said Gillian. "I've a funny story to tell you."

"I wish you would tell it to some one in the billiard room," said Bryson. "You know how I hate your stories."

"This is a better one than usual," said Gillian, rolling a cigarette, "and I'm glad to tell it to you. It's too sad and funny to go with the rattling of billiard balls. I've just come from my late uncle's firm of legal counsels. He leaves me an even thousand dollars. Now what can a man possibly do with a thousand dollars?"

"I thought," said Old Bryson, showing as much interest as a bee shows in a vineyard, "that the late Mr. Gillian was worth something like half a million."

"He was," assented Gillian, joyously, "and that's where the joke comes in. He left his whole cargo of doubloons to a microbe. That is, part of it goes to the man who invents a new bacillus and the rest to establish a hospital for dealing away with it again. There are one or two trifling bequests on the side. The butler and the housekeeper get a seal ring and ten dollars each. His nephew gets one thousand dollars."

"The Secretary of State, Bainbridge Colby, left Washington yesterday for Chapel Hill, N. C."

The Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Houston will leave Sunday for their summer home at Woods Hole, Mass. Their son, David Franklin Houston, Jr., is a member of this year's graduating class at Harvard University and they will attend the commencement exercises there next week, following which Secretary Houston will return to Washington.

Secretary of War Baker and his small son, Jack Baker, returned yesterday morning from a visit to West Point. Mr. and Mrs. Baker are moving today to their new residence, Beauvoisin, the home of Canon and Mrs. J. Townsend Russell, in Cleveland Park. Miss Elizabeth Freas, Mrs. Baker's cousin, who makes her home with them, is still out at Walter Reed Hospital where she has been for several months. Yesterday Secretary and Mrs. Baker and the children motored to Camp Humphreys, Va., to attend the commencement exercises at the engineering school.

Baroness Romano Avezzana, wife of the Italian Ambassador, was the honor guest at a dinner given at the Chevy Chase Club. Miss Romano was in the party. The Ambassador, who has been in Boston and New York for a week, will return tonight, accompanied by Signor Celesta of the embassy staff.

Lady Geddes, wife of the British Ambassador, will leave today for five or six days, visiting her old home in Montreal and making a brief stay in Buffalo. She will be accompanied by Capt. C. J. Henry, honorary attaché of the embassy, who is the Ambassador's secretary.

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6 Forks
6 Plates
6 Teaspoons
6 Butter Knives
1 Sugar Spoon

\$1 A WEEK
CHAS. SCHWARTZ & SON
Family Jewelers
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"You've always had plenty of money to spend," observed Old Bryson.

"None," Gillian frowned at his cigarette and kicked the upholstery of a divan uneasily. "There is a Miss Hayden, a warily of my uncle, who lived in his house. She's a quiet thing—musical—the daughter of somebody who was unlucky enough to be his friend. I forgot to say that she was in on the seal ring and ten dollars joke, too. I wish I had been. Then I could have had two bottles of brut, tipped the waiter with the ring and had the whole business off my hands. Don't be superior and insulting. Old Bryson—tell me what a fellow can do with a thousand dollars."

Old Bryson rubbed his glasses and smiled. And when Old Bryson smiled, Gillian knew that he intended to be more offensive than ever.

"A thousand dollars," he said, "means much or little. One man may buy a happy home with it and laugh at Rockefeller. Another may use it to buy a car and save her life. A thousand dollars would buy pure milk for one hundred babies during June, July and August and save fifty cents on their lives. You could count upon a half hour's diversion with it at faro in one of the fortified art galleries. It would furnish an education to an ambitious boy. I am told that a genuine Corot was secured for that amount in an auction room yesterday. You could move to a New Hampshire town and live respectably two years on it. You could rent Madison Square Garden for one evening with it, and lecture your audience, if you should have one, on the precariousness of the profession of their presumptive."

"People might like you, Old Bryson," said Gillian, always unruffled, "if you wouldn't moralize. I asked you to tell me what I could do with a thousand dollars."

"You?" said Bryson, with a gentle laugh. "Why, Bobby Gillian, there's only one logical thing you could do. You can go buy Miss Letta Lauriere a diamond pendant with the money, and then take yourself off to Idaho and inflict your presence upon a ranch. I asked you to tell me what I could do with a thousand dollars."

"Thanks," said Gillian, rising. "I thought I could depend upon you, Old Bryson. You've hit on the very scheme. I wanted to chuck the money in a lump, for I've got to turn in an account for it, and I hate itemizing."

Gillian phoned for a cab and said to the driver: "The garage entrance to the Columbia Theater."

Miss Letta Lauriere was assisting nature with a powder puff almost ready for her call at a crowded matinee, when her dresser mentioned the name of Mr. Gillian.

"Let it in," said Miss Lauriere. "Now, what is it, Bobby? I'm going on in two minutes."

"Rabbit-foot your right ear a little," that's better. It won't take two minutes for me. What do you say to a little thing in the pendant line? I can stand three ciphers with a figure one in front of 'em."

"Oh, just as you say," caroled Miss Lauriere. "My right glove, Adams. Say, did you see that necklace Della Stacey had on the other night? Twenty-two hundred dollars it cost at Tiffany's. But, of course—pull my sash a little to the left, Adams."

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"I beg your pardon," said Gillian, cheerfully, "but may I ask you a question? It is not an important one; I hope. Was Miss Hayden left anything by my uncle's will beside the ring and the ten dollars?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Tolman. "I thank you very much, sir," said Gillian, and out he went to his cab. He gave the driver the address of the girl's home.

Miss Hayden was writing letters in the library. She was small and slender and dressed in black. But you would have noticed her eyes. Gillian drifted in with his air of regarding the world as inconsequential.

"I've just come from old Tolman's," he explained. "They've been going over the papers down there. They found a legal term—a postscript or something to the will. It seemed that the old boy had loosened up a little on second thoughts and willed you a thousand dollars. I was driving up this way and Tolman asked me to bring you the money. Here it is. You better count it to see if it's right. Gillian laid the money beside her hand on the desk.

Miss Hayden, turned white. "Oh!" she said, and again "Oh!" Gillian half turned and looked out the window.

"I suppose, of course," he said, in a low voice, "that you know I love you?"

"I am sorry," said Miss Hayden, taking up her money.

"There is no use," asked Gillian, almost lightheartedly.

"I am sorry," she said again.

"May I write a note?" asked Gillian, with a smile. He seated himself at the big library table. She supplied him with paper and pen, and then went back to her secretariat.

Gillian made out his account of his expenditure of the thousand dollars in these words:

"Paid by the black sheep, Robert Gillian, one thousand dollars on account of the eternal happiness, owed by Heaven to the best and dearest woman on earth."

Gillian slipped his writing into an envelope, bowed and went his way.

His cab stopped again at the offices of Tolman & Sharp.

"I have expended the thousand dollars," he said, cheerfully, to Tolman. "I have come to render account of it, as I agreed. There is quite a feeling of summer in the air—do you not think so, Mr. Tolman?"

He tossed a white envelope on the lawyer's table. "You will find there a memorandum, sir, of the modus operandi of the vanishing of the dollars."

Berkshires, will leave here tomorrow.

Mrs. Grace McMillan Gibson, who has been confined to the house for several weeks with illness, is out again.

Porter Guest, who spent the winter in Oklahoma, has returned to Washington for a visit.

Mrs. Delos Blodgett, who, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Peck and Mrs. Porcher, has been visiting in Grand Rapids, Mackinac Island and Chicago, returned to Washington last night. Miss Helen Blodgett left Sunday to visit her sister, Mrs. Blodgett, in Detroit.

The Misses Blodgett and Mrs. C. G. Matthews will leave shortly to motor to Lake Placid, where Mr. and Mrs. Delos Blodgett, Jr., have taken a cottage for the summer, and shortly afterwards, early in July, will sail for Europe, going first to England and later touring the continent and visiting Mrs. Blodgett's sister, Mrs. Harold Trowder, at Capri.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Stabler have taken a cottage at York Harbor, Maine, for the summer.

Mrs. J. Brown Metcalf, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Cooper, for the past two months, will leave today for her home on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Mrs. Metcalf was formerly Miss Helen Cooper.

The officers stationed at the Washington Barracks will entertain at a dinner dance tomorrow evening when Mrs. Baker, wife of the Secretary of War, will be among the guests.

They will entertain at another dance on June 26, when Gen. John J. Pershing will be the honor guest.

Mrs. George Barnett, wife of the commandant of the Marine Corps, returned Tuesday evening from Chicago, where she made a short visit.

Dr. and Mrs. Davenport White will leave Washington Friday for Bar Harbor, Me., where they will remain until fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hutchinson, who will spend the summer in the Berkshires, will leave here tomorrow.

Mrs. Murray and her daughter, Miss Frances Murray, will leave about July 1 to spend the summer in Rhode Island, returning here about September 15. Miss Murray, who was the guest of honor at the John Buchanan at Warrenton, has gone with them to Gen. Buchanan's place, near Upperville, Va., for the horse show. Miss Edith Lester, sister of Mrs. Buchanan, is also there. Miss Lester and Miss Murray will both return here at the end of the week.

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Without touching the envelope, Mr. Tolman went to a door and called his partner, Sharp. Together they explored the caverns of an immense safe. Forth they dragged as trophy of their search a big envelope sealed with wax. This they forcibly invaded, and waggled their venerable heads together over its contents. Then Tolman became spokesman.

"Mr. Gillian," he said, formally, "there was a codicil to your uncle's will. It was intrusted to us privately, with instructions that it be not opened until you had furnished us with a full account of your handling of the one thousand dollar bequest in the will. As you have fulfilled the conditions, my partner and I have read the codicil. I do not wish to encumber your understanding with its legal phraseology, but I will acquaint you with the spirit of its contents."

"In the event that your disposition of the one thousand dollars demonstrates that you possess any of the qualifications that deserve reward, much benefit will accrue to you. Mr. Sharp and I are named as the judges, and assure you that we will do our duty strictly according to justice—with liberality. We are not at all unfavorably disposed toward you, Mr. Gillian. But let us return to the letter of the codicil. If your disposal of the money in question has been prudent, wise, or unselfish, it is in our power to hand you over bonds to the value of fifty thousand dollars, which have been placed in our hands for that purpose. But if—as our client, the late Mr. Gillian, explicitly provides—you have used this money as you have used money in the past—I quote the late Mr. Gillian—in reprehensible dissipation among disreputable associates—the fifty thousand dollars is to be paid to Miriam Hayden, ward of the late Mr. Gillian, without delay. Now, Mr. Gillian, Mr. Sharp and I will examine your account in regard to the one thousand dollars you have used this money as you have used money in the past—I quote the late Mr. Gillian—in reprehensible dissipation among disreputable associates—the fifty thousand dollars is to be paid to Miriam Hayden, ward of the late Mr. Gillian, without delay. Now, Mr. Gillian, Mr. Sharp and I will examine your account in regard to the one thousand dollars you have used this money as you have used money in the past—I quote the late Mr. Gillian—in reprehensible dissipation among disreputable associates—the fifty thousand dollars is to be paid to Miriam Hayden, ward of the late Mr. Gillian, without delay. 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